MARVEL COMICS

JAN
#430

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THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

WHEN CARNAGE™ COMES CALLING...

...KEEP THE BODYBAGS HANDY!

GUEST-STARRING THE SILVER SURFER®

DeFALCO BENNETT LAROSA MILGROM

THEY'RE ALIVE!

THEY'RE REALLY ALIVE!

THE VISION! CAPTAIN AMERICA! IRON MAN! THE FANTASTIC FOUR! AND SO MANY OTHER GREAT HEROES!

FOR THE PAST FEW MONTHS, **SPIDER-MAN** -- ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD -- BELIEVED THEM DEAD...

...DESTROYED WHILE BATTLING THE MENACE KNOWN AS **ONSLAUGHT!**

THOUGH HE HELPED IN THEIR RESCUE, **SPIDEY** DOESN'T KNOW HOW THEY SURVIVED.

HE DOESN'T EVEN CARE AT THIS POINT.

ALL THAT TRULY MATTERS IS THAT -- FOR THE MOMENT -- HIS WORLD IS SUDDENLY ALIVE WITH **HOPE** AND **PROMISE!**

A FALSE EXHILARATION WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY, IS DESTINED TO DESERT HIM!

YOU, HOWEVER, CAN LEARN THE DETAILS BY READING THE **HEROES REBORN: THE RETURN** LIMITED SERIES. – Returning Ralf.

THE Stan Lee PRESENTS: AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

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OOPS! I REALLY SHOULD LEARN TO REIN IN MY ENTHUSIASM!

THAT LEAP SENT ME SOARING A GOOD THIRTY FEET ABOVE THE ROOFTOPS --

-- AND MADE ME AN EASY TARGET FOR ANYONE LOOKING TO CASH IN ON THAT MILLION DOLLAR REWARD WHICH THE *DAILY BUGLE* RECENTLY PUT ON MY HEAD!

SINCE MY *SPIDER-SENSE* ISN'T WARNING ME OF DANGER, I GUESS I'M SAFE... *FOR NOW!*

A WISER MAN WOULDN'T TEMPT FATE BY WEARING A SPIDER-SUIT THESE DAYS --

-- BUT I CAN'T WAIT TO DROP IN ON THE *FANTASTIC FOUR!*

ESPECIALLY THE *HUMAN TORCH!*

IT WOULD BE RUDE TO SHOW UP EMPTY-HANDED.

MY OLD BUDDY DESERVES A *GREAT WELCOME HOME* GIFT, BUT I'M TORN BETWEEN A *WEBBED WEDGIE* OR A FACE FULL OF --

--Uh-Oh!

I ASSUMED THE *FF* WOULD RETURN TO THEIR HOME HEADQUARTERS AT *FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA* --

-- BUT I FORGOT THE CITY RECENTLY TURNED THIS BUILDING OVER TO THE *THUNDERBOLTS!*

SURRRE! THEY'RE THE NEW SUPER-GUYS IN TOWN!

FIGURES THE *FLAVORS OF THE MONTH* WOULD GET THE KEYS TO THE CITY... WHILE AN OLD STANDBY LIKE ME ENDS UP BEING *HUNTED!*

Ahhh! I SHOULDN'T BLAME THEM. IT'S NOT THEIR FAULT *NORMAN OSBORN* PLAYED ME FOR A PATSY, AND TURNED THE ENTIRE CITY AGAINST ME.

SINCE I CAN'T BE CERTAIN *WHO* WILL ANSWER THAT DOORBELL, I'D BETTER MAKE MYSELF SCARCE.

I'LL JUST VISIT THE *DAILY BUGLE* LATER THIS AFTER-NOON, AND SCOUT UP THE FF'S CURRENT LOCATION.

WHILE I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'D WANT TO HEAR MY SIDE OF THE STORY BEFORE CALLING THE COPS --

"-- I DON'T HAVE NEARLY AS MUCH CONFIDENCE IN THE ***T-BOLTS!***"

CHECK IT OUT, TECHNO! I JUST SPOTTED ***SPIDER-MAN*** HANGING AROUND OUR DIGS.

YOU THINK HE'S LEARNED THE ***TRUTH*** ABOUT US?

ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE, ATLAS... BUT THE WEB-SWINGER NEVER IMPRESSED ME AS THE SHERLOCK HOLMES TYPE.

I DOUBT HE'S SLICK ENOUGH TO SEE THROUGH OUR ***SCAM.***

ALTHOUGH IT WOULD ALMOST BE WORTH HAVING OUR ***SECRET*** EXPOSED --

-- IF WE COULD ALSO GET OUR HANDS ON THAT ***REWARD*** POSTED BY THE -- ***EH?!***

I ASSUME YOU'RE ***JOKING,*** TECHNO.

O-OF COURSE, CITIZEN V. YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO JEOPARDIZE OUR REAL GOAL!

SEE THAT YOU DON'T! THE CITY GOVERNMENT IS FINALLY ABOUT TO TURN OVER EVERYTHING WE'VE REQUESTED OF THEM.

THIS IS NO TIME TO RISK EXPOSURE! NO MATTER HOW MUCH MONEY IS AT STAKE.

INTRIGUED? TO LEARN WHO THE THUNDERBOLTS REALLY ARE, AND WHAT THEY REALLY WANT, PICK UP A COPY OF **THUNDERBOLTS #10.**
– Researchin' Ralf.

I'VE GOT TO FIND A SECLUDED SPOT TO CHANGE INTO MY CIVVIES.

I HAVE A CLASS AT ***EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY,*** AND SPIDER-MAN CAN'T BE SPOTTED ANYWHERE NEAR THE CAMPUS.

MY WIFE IS REAL WORRIED ABOUT THE PRICE ON MY HEAD, AND I DON'T WANT ***MARY JANE*** THINKING I'VE BEEN TAKING NEEDLESS RISKS.

EVEN IF IT IS *TRUE!*

EVEN AS OUR HERO CROSSES THE CITY OF NEW YORK IN HIS OWN WEB-SWINGING WAY, WE'LL TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO GLANCE UPWARD --

PIERCING THE SMOG, THE CLOUDS, THE VERY ATMOSPHERE OF OUR HUMBLE PLANET --

-- UNTIL WE REACH THE SPACEWAYS THEMSELVES, WHERE A CERTAIN SOMEONE PLAYS HIS OWN VERSION OF DODGEBALL.

BUT THE SILVER SURFER IS NOT HERE FOR MERE GAMES.

A GIANT ASTEROID HAS BEEN OBSERVED ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE MIR SPACE STATION --

-- AND A SHORT CUT THROUGH THIS METEOR STORM IS MY FASTEST ROUTE TO IT!

...THERE! THE ASTEROID IS ALMOST UPON THE STATION!

A SINGLE BLAST OF MY *POWER COSMIC* CAN EASILY REDUCE THAT MASSIVE ROCK INTO INSIGNIFICANT SHARDS --

-- BUT I MUST ALSO MAKE CERTAIN THAT I INCINERATE ANY SHARD WHICH MIGHT STRIKE THE STATION!

IT IS DONE! THOSE BRAVE COSMONAUTS ARE SAFE!

I MUST RETURN TO THE PLANET EARTH WHERE OTHER STARTLING EVENTS NOW CLAIM MY ATTENTION.

THOUGH MY HEART SOARS AT THE MIRACULOUS RETURN OF THE *FANTASTIC FOUR* --

-- I AM MOST CURIOUS HOW THIS JOYOUS NEWS WILL AFFECT MY DEEPENING RELATIONSHIP WITH *ALICIA MASTERS*, THE THING'S FORMER GIRLFRIEND.

YOU'RE *SUPPOSED* TO BE A BRIGHT BOY.

TAKE A *GUESS* HOW I FEEL!

EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY...

C'MON, MARY JANE! I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN COSTUME FOR MORE THAN TEN MINUTES TOPS!

PUTTING IT ON FOR EVEN ONE *SECOND* IS TANTAMOUNT TO PAINTING A *TARGET* ON YOUR CHEST!

PEOPLE ARE *HUNTING* YOU, PETER! THEY DON'T CARE *WHO* YOU ARE OR *WHAT* YOU'VE EVER DONE. THEY ONLY SEE YOU AS THEIR TICKET TO A *MILLION DOLLARS.*

WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THE *FANTASTIC FOUR,* ANYWAY?!

Oh, I DON'T KNOW...

...SO MANY *BAD* THINGS HAVE COME BACK TO HAUNT US IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS...

...I GUESS I KIND OF OVERREACTED WHEN I FINALLY HEARD SOME *GOOD* NEWS.

BESIDES, THE RETURN OF THOSE OTHER HEROES TAKES A LOT OF PRESSURE OFF ME.

I CAN CUT BACK ON BEING SPIDEY UNTIL MY NAME IS CLEARED.

I'VE HEARD THIS *SONG* BEFORE.

BUT I'M *SERIOUS* NOW!

I INTEND TO STICK TO THE SIDELINES FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE, SNAPPING PIX WHILE THE *OTHER* GUYS RISK *THEIR* NECKS!

I'M GOING TO POP OVER TO THE BUGLE AFTER PROFESSOR HOWARD'S CLASS, BUT I'LL CATCH YOU IN THE CAFETERIA FOR LUNCH.

IT'S A DATE, TIGER.

YOU *OKAY,* MARY JANE? YOU SEEM A LITTLE... *TENSE.*

WHAT CAN I SAY, JILL? IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE DAYS.

I DON'T BLAME MARY JANE FOR BEING SKEPTICAL. I'VE ALWAYS REVERTED TO TYPE IN THE PAST -- CHANGING INTO COSTUME AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE.

NOT ANYMORE! AS OF RIGHT NOW, SPIDER-MAN IS OFFICIALLY ON HIATUS --

"-- AND **NOTHING** CAN DISSUADE ME!"

HIS NAME IS **CLETUS KASADY** --

-- AND HE'S COSTING **RAVENCROFT,** AND BY EXTENSION THE TAX PAYERS OF THIS GOOD STATE, A VERITABLE **FORTUNE!**

SECURITY ROOM

Dr. ASHLEY KAFKA, THIS INSTITUTION'S FORMER CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR, MAY HAVE HAD A WELL-DESERVED REPUTATION AS A CRIMINAL PSYCHIATRIST --

BUT SHE WAS **FISCALLY IRRESPONSIBLE!**

LOOK AT **THIS!** A COMPLETE SECURITY CENTER DEVOTED TO A *SINGLE* PATIENT -- AND THEN THERE ARE THE EXPENSES FOR ALL SORTS OF CUSTOM-DESIGNED EXTRAS!

WE KNOW YOU WANT TO CUT COSTS AND DOWNSIZE STAFF, Mr. POGUE... BUT KASADY IS A *SPECIAL* CASE!

"YOU LISTEN TO ME, OFFICER KALLIS... NO ONE IS SPECIAL ENOUGH TO RATE **FIVE** FULL-TIME SECURITY GUARDS, AND ALL OF THIS HIGH-TECH EQUIPMENT!"

KASADY

AS FOR KASADY HIMSELF... JUST **LOOK** AT THE MAN.

I DOUBT HE'S HAD A COHERENT THOUGHT IN MONTHS.

I CAN'T ARGUE WITH YOU, SIR.

IT IS VERY EXPENSIVE TO KEEP THIS JOKER UNDER WRAPS, BUT IT'S ALSO **NECESSARY.**

WE MUSTN'T FORGET **WHO** WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.

CLETUS KASADY WAS A **SERIAL KILLER** EVEN BEFORE HE JOINED WITH THE **ALIEN SYMBIOTE** WHICH GAVE HIM THE POWER OF **CARNAGE!**

I DON'T CARE HOW HARMLESS YOU *THINK* HE APPEARS, THAT *MONSTER* COULD WIPE OUT HALF THIS CITY WITHOUT EVEN BREAKING A SWEAT.

SAVE THE MELODRAMA FOR THE TABLOIDS, KALLIS.

I'LL MAKE IT REAL SIMPLE FOR YOU...

...KASADY ALREADY **KNOWS** HE'S BEING MONITORED TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, IN AN INESCAPABLE CELL, WHICH IS SURROUNDED BY MICROWAVES.

SO --?!

SO HE'LL NEVER EVEN *REALIZE* WE TRIMMED AWAY A FEW OF THE MORE EXPENSIVE REGALIA.

HE'LL ***KNOW***, SIR! I'M SURE ***HE'LL KNOW!***

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, KALLIS!

DO YOU HONESTLY THINK THAT MAN SPENDS EVERY *CONSCIOUS* MOMENT *TESTING* OUR DEFENSES ON THE *OFF-CHANCE* HE'LL EVENTUALLY FIND A WAY TO ESCAPE?

HE'LL NEVER EVEN *SUSPECT* THAT I'VE TAKEN HIS MICROWAVE NET OFF-LINE, OR --

EEYAGHHH!

W-WHAT WAS *THAT --?*

WE TRIED TO ***WARN*** YOU, POGUE --

-- ***BUT YOU JUST WOULDN'T LISTEN!***

THIS IS NO TIME TO POINT ***FINGERS***, OFFICER KALLIS.

SPIKES AND ***CLAWS*** -- BUT NOT FINGERS!

BY THE WAY, I WOULDN'T COUNT ON ANY HELP FROM THOSE THREE LOSERS WHO USED TO GUARD MY CELL.

LET'S JUST SAY THAT MY SUDDEN ESCAPE HAS SENT THEM ALL TO *PIECES*.

I DO HOPE YOU PEOPLE WON'T BE OFFENDED IF I JUST ***KILL*** AND ***RUN***..

I AM *SOOOO* ANXIOUS TO RENEW MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH A *CERTAIN FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD* ***WEB-SLINGER!***

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WE USED TO BE ***MORE*** THAN JUST CO-WORKERS.

WE WERE FRIENDS.

DAILY BUGLE

I ONCE BELIEVED A DECENT MAN ACTUALLY LAY BENEATH YOUR PENNY-PINCHING, EGOCENTRIC BLUSTER.

WHAT'S *HAPPENED* TO YOU?

I... I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA... WHAT YOU'RE BLATHERING ON ABOUT, ROBBIE.

ARE YOU TRYING TO CONVINCE *ME*... OR *YOURSELF*?!

YOU'VE BEEN *DIFFERENT* EVER SINCE ***NORMAN OSBORN*** POPPED UP.

TALK TO ME, JONAH... WHAT'S HE HOLDING OVER YOU?

WHAT WOULD EVER POSSESS YOU TO GIVE A MAN LIKE *THAT* AN OWNERSHIP POSITION IN THE *BUGLE*?!

ROBBIE...

...I...

I HAVE *NOTHING* TO SAY.

OKAY.

YOU'VE MADE *YOUR* DECISION.

NOW I HAVE TO MAKE *MINE*.

WHOA! YOU OUGHT TO WATCH HOW YOU TAKE THOSE CORNERS!

WHAT DO ***YOU*** WANT, CONOVER?

MY! MY! A BIT *TESTY*, AREN'T WE?!

DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT HERE TO SEE YOU, ROBERTSON.

OSBORN, HIMSELF, ASKED ME TO DROP BY.

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED TO HEAR HE'S SHOPPING FOR A NEW *EDITOR IN CHIEF*.

MAYBE THEY'LL HIRE SOMEBODY *GOOD* THIS TIME.

Ah... Mr. CONOVER!
I'M SO PLEASED YOU ACCEPTED MY INVITATION.
PLEASURE'S ALL MINE, Mr. OSBORN.
HOW ABOUT WE DISPENSE WITH THE *MISTERS*... AND GO WITH *NORMAN* AND *JAKE?*
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME... NORMAN.
EXCELLENT! MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, JAKE.
I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS A BUSINESS *ARRANGEMENT*... WHICH YOU MAY FIND *VERY* INTERESTING.
JOE ROBERTSON HAS WALKED THESE CORRIDORS MORE TIMES THAN HE CARES TO REMEMBER.
AND YET, HE SUDDENLY FEELS LIKE A STRANGER HERE.
SOMEONE WHO NO LONGER BELONGS.
THE DAILY BUGLE IS MUCH MORE THAN A JOB TO HIM.
IT'S HIS HOME.
OR, AT LEAST... IT WAS.
AN EDITOR MAKES DECISIONS.
STORY IDEAS! STAFF ASSIGNMENTS! LAYOUTS! HEADLINES! TYPEFACES! GRAMMAR!
TODAY HE FACES THE TOUGHEST ONE OF ALL...
...SHOULD HE STAY?!
MARTHA WOULD EAGERLY VOTE "NO!"
FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS SHE'S ACTIVELY ENCOURAGED HIM TO QUIT...
...WHAT SHOULD HE DO?
HE LOVES HIS WIFE.
HE USED TO LOVE HIS JOB.
WHAT WILL HE DO?!

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO.

IN THE NEARBY NEWS-ROOM...

I'LL SCORE THE FF'S CURRENT DIGS, PHONE OL' FLAMEHEAD AND ARRANGE TO MEET SOMEPLACE *SECLUDED* --

-- WHERE I CAN SLIP IN AND OUT OF MY UNION SUIT WITHOUT FEAR OF RUNNING INTO ANY BOUNTY HUNTERS.

AND, JUST TO PROVE I'M TAKING HER SERIOUSLY, I'LL EVEN RUN THIS PLAN PAST ***MARY JANE*** BEFORE I --

YO, PETE! CHECK IT OUT, MY MAN.

SPORTS EDITOR LAID A PAIR O'SEATS FOR TONIGHT'S ***NICKS*** GAME ON ME.

WHAT SAY, DUDE? YA DOWN FOR HOOPS?

BILLY WALTERS HAS BEEN TRYING TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH ME EVER SINCE HE JOINED THE BUGLE, BUT I KEEP BLOWING HIM OFF.

BUT IT AIN'T LIKE I'M GOING WEB-SWINGING LATER!

I'M THERE, BILL... BUT ONLY IF THE BEER AND DOGS ARE ON ME.

THAT'S *COOL!*

AT THE VERY MOMENT, IN THE BUGLE'S LOBBY...

PLEASE HOLD THAT ELEVATOR!

NO PROBLEM, MA'AM.

THANK YOU SO MUCH! TENTH FLOOR, PLEASE.

THE NEWSROOM?! DO YOU, BY ANY CHANCE, WORK THERE?

NOT ME! MY HUSBAND'S THE UNFORTUNATE ONE. I'M MEETING HIM FOR LUNCH.

WHO IS HE? I MIGHT KNOW HIM.

YOU PROBABLY DO. HE'S ***JOE ROBERTSON.***

Oh, YESSS!

JOE AND I GO WAAAAAY BACK!

SAY, I WONDER IF I COULD IMPOSE UPON YOU --

-- TO DELIVER A LITTLE MESSAGE FOR ME.

AND, BACK IN THE NEWSROOM...

S'NO LUCK, DUDE.

WHEREVER THE FF'S COOPED, IT AIN'T IN OUR DATABASE.

THANKS ANYWAY, BILLY. I APPRECIATE THE ATTEMPT.

I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO --

YIIEEEEEE!

Ohhhh, MAN!

GET THOSE DOORS OPEN -- HURRY!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S BEING MASSACRED IN THERE!

SOME-BODY GRAB A CAMERA!

THERE! I THINK I'VE --

MARTHA?!

MY GOD --!

MARTHA!

OUT OF MY WAY! LET ME THROUGH!

I KNOW HOW TO SPRING THOSE DOORS IN AN EMERGENCY!

GIVE, GIRL! WHAT'S THE DIRT?

EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY...

JILL, HERE, SAYS YOU AND YOUR MAN WERE PLAYING A HEAVY DRAMA EARLIER TODAY.

SHATAL!

JILL SHOULD KEEP HER MOUTH SHUT.

WHAT IS THIS *GLOP*?

DON'T KNOW. DON'T WANNA KNOW.

I'D STICK TO THE FRUIT, I WAS YOU.

SO WHAT'S YOUR TALE, GIRL-FRIEND?

THE DOG STEP OUT ON YOU?

IGNORE HER, MARY JANE. SHE DOESN'T REALLY KNOW PETE.

NEITHER DO YOU, JILL.

NOT LIKE YOU *THINK* YOU DO.

OKAY, THE MAN'S NO DOG... BUT HE ISN'T A SAINT, EITHER.

NONE OF THEM *ARE*, LADY.

ALTHOUGH THERE'S NO *HEAVEN* WITHOUT 'EM.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND, SHANTAL! YOU WANNA TALK TRASH, OR --

THE GOVERNOR HAS ORDERED THE NATIONAL GUARD ON ALERT --

*-- AMID UNCONFIRMED REPORTS THAT THE SUPER-POWERED SERIAL KILLER KNOWN AS **CARNAGE** HAS ESCAPED!*

Oh, MY GOD!

PETER'S NO MATCH FOR KASADY... B-BUT THAT WON'T STOP HIM FROM TRYING TO RECAPTURE THAT FIEND!

MARY JANE --!

YOU ALL RIGHT, LADY?

I -- I'M *FINE!*

J-JUST FELT A LITTLE *FAINT*...

...AND AFRAID...

...VERY AFRAID...

SOMEBODY CALL 911!

WE NEED AN AMBULANCE HERE!

JOE, IS SHE --?!

CARNAGE RULES

H-HE STABBED MY ARM!

U-USED MY BLOOD WITH SOME OF HIS OWN!

E-ESCAPED THROUGH THE FLOOR RR

F-FORGET ABOUT THAT MONSTER, HON!

WE GOTTA GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!

Oh, GOD! THIS *CAN'T* BE HAPPENING!

NOT *HIM!* NOT *NOW!*

WHERE'S THE BLASTED *AMBULANCE?!*

H-HE LIVES TO DESTROY!

H-HE INFLICTS PAIN AND MISERY ON INNOCENT PEOPLE SIMPLY BECAUSE HE CAN!

Oh, MAN -- I HEARD ABOUT THIS *CARNAGE* DUDE, PETE!

HE IS ONE COLD AND WICKED PLAYER.

Y'KNOW, THERE'S A CHANCE HE'S STILL IN THE NEIGHBOR-HOOD.

MAYBE YOU AND I SHOULD MAKE LIKE A NEWS TEAM, AND --

PETE --?!

Ah, MAN. HE DITCHED ME, AGAIN!

BILLY'S RIGHT! CARNAGE MAY STILL BE IN THE VICINITY.

SINCE HE DOESN'T TRIGGER MY SPIDER-SENSE, I JUST PRAY I SPOT HIM BEFORE HE GOES ON ANOTHER KILLING JAG.

MARTHA'S LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.

KASADY RARELY SPARES HIS VICTIMS.

POOR ROBBIE! I KNOW MARTHA'S BEEN PRESSURING HIM TO QUIT THE ***BUGLE*** FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS, AND I DON'T NEED A PSYCHIC FRIEND TO GUESS HOW THIS ATTACK COULD AFFECT HIS DECISION.

SPEAKING OF QUITTING, I INSTINCTIVELY RAN FOR THE ROOF AND SWITCHED INTO COSTUME WITHOUT EVEN THINKING ABOUT MY PROMISE TO MARY JANE.

I... I JUST HOPE SHE UNDERSTANDS.

I CAN'T ALLOW *HARM* TO BEFALL ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE BECAUSE SPIDER-MAN *FAILED* TO ACT.

I JUST *CAN'T!*

ROBINSON'S WIFE OUGHTA BE SQUAWKING UP A STORM BY NOW!

I'LL BET SHE'LL CREATE A LOT MORE PANIC AS A LIVE WITNESS THAN A BLOODY CORPSE.

MAYBE IT'S TIME I CHANGED TACTICS. PRACTICED A LITTLE RESTRAINT. MAIMED MORE, MURDERED LESS.

NAAAAH!

LADDIE'S PARKING 212 5

HEY, MISTER! IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, THAT SPOT'S RESERVED FOR THE HANDICAPPED.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, SHORTY, I'M IN A HURRY!

PARKING 212 555 0019

SHORTY... *MOI?*

AW, GEE... AND HERE I WAS, TRYING TO SAVE YOU FROM GETTING A TICKET.

HEYYY! I JUST GOT AN EVEN *BETTER* IDEA.

IF YOU REALLY *WANT* THAT SPACE --

-- I'LL **CRIPPLE** YOU SO THAT YOU'RE ENTITLED TO IT!

I OUGHTA HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED FOR GOING AFTER ***CARNAGE*** WITHOUT BACK-UP.

THE ALIEN SYMBIOTE WHICH IS ATTACHED TO HIM GIVES KASADY INCREDIBLE STRENGTH, AND FUNCTIONS LIKE A LIVING SKIN THAT CAN -- *Uh Oh!*

I NEVER COULD STOMACH A POMPOUS FOOL LIKE YOU!

YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN OTHER PEOPLE JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE A FANCY JOB AND A FAT WALLET!

I...I'LL MOVE THE CAR...

...I-IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY.

DON'T GO TO ANY TROUBLE ON MY ACCOUNT, TUBSY WUBSY.

I'LL MOVE IT MYSELF!

THWP

W-WHA --?!

M-MY CAR --!

MY BEAUTIFUL CAR --!

RUINED BECAUSE OF HANDICAPPED PARKING!

KWABWOOM

YOU TOOK A *HANDICAPPED SPOT?*

SERVES YOU RIGHT!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE INTERFERED, WEBSTER!

I WAS JUST TEACHING *EL CREEPO* A LESSON IN CIVIC RESPONSIBILITY.

SPEAKING OF ACTING RESPONSIBLY, YOU COULD SAVE US BOTH A WORLD OF GRIEF WITH A SIMPLE SURRENDER.

WHAT *FUN* IS THAT, SPIDER-CHEEKS?

OUR FANS HAVE BEEN ANXIOUSLY AWAITING OUR NEXT GRUDGE MATCH --

-- AND THEY *DESERVE* THEIR MONEY'S WORTH!

SPLACK

ARE YOU GUYS CRAZY? ***MAKE TRACKS!*** CARNAGE WON'T HESITATE TO TAKE OUT A FEW BYSTANDERS!

YEAH, BUT WE'RE GAMBLING HE'LL CAP SPIDEY AND LEAVE THE BODY.

THAT WAY ***WE*** CAN COLLECT THE BUGLE'S REWARD!

YOU ***HEAR*** THOSE GUYS, SPIDEROONIE?!

THEY'RE LOOKING TO ***PROFIT*** FROM YOUR DEATH.

ME, I'M A PURIST!

A DEDICATED CRAFTSMAN!

I KILL FOR THE SHEER JOY OF IT!

RRRR-RUN!

I-IT AIN'T ***FAIR!***

WE GOT AS MUCH RIGHT TO THAT REWARD AS CARNAGE!

HIGH ABOVE THE TEEMING METROPOLIS, EYES WHICH CAN TRACK A SINGLE SNOWFLAKE THROUGH A RAGING BLIZZARD, QUICKLY NOTE THE MOUNTING BATTLE...

THOUGH I HAVE TROD COUNTLESS WORLDS, FEW POSSESS A DOMINANT RACE PRONE TO SUCH ***ANGER***... SUCH ***VIOLENCE***... AS I FIND HERE ON ***PLANET EARTH***.

AND YET, I KNOW THE ONE CALLED ***SPIDER-MAN***...

THOUGH HE OFTEN RESORTS TO PHYSICAL FORCE, IT IS USUALLY IN THE PURSUIT OF HIS QUAINT NOTION OF JUSTICE.

HE APPEARS TO BE BELEAGUERED BY A HOSTILE FOE --

-- AND IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE!

THOUGH I'M REALLY GONNA ENJOY SLICING AND DICING YOU INTO ***SPIDER-SPAM*** --

-- I'VE ALWAYS PREFERRED THE ***SPONTANEITY*** OF RANDOM LUNACY TO THE ***RIGORS*** OF PREMEDITATED --

-- MURDER?!

I KNOW NOT THE REASON FOR YOUR LETHAL ENMITY, BUT I MUST BID YOU ***DESIST!***

BUTT OUT, PAL! THIS IS STRICTLY BETWEEN ME AND THE OL' DEAD-SLINGER, AND -- *HEYYYY!*

I
WE
KNOW
YOU!

ARRGH

NOOO!
DON'T --!
P-PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME!

I...I'M ALONE...
S-SO VERY ALONE!
WHAT *MADNESS* IS THIS?
WHAT DID WE JUST *WITNESS*?!
YOU'RE ASKING *ME*?!
ALL I KNOW IS THAT YOU SOMEHOW FREAKED KASADY'S SYMBIOTE --
-- AND SENT IT SCURRYING FOR PARTS UNKNOWN!

SYMBIOTE --?!
A LOATHSOME CREATURE WHO COVERS HIS HOST LIKE LIVING TISSUE?!
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE RUN ACROSS THESE CRITTERS BEFORE!

I... HAVE.

LONG AGO AND IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY.

I WAS UNAWARE THAT THEY HAD FOUND THEIR WAY HERE.

STAND BACK, SPIDER-MAN!

THIS ENTIRE WORLD MAY BE AT RISK!

WITH A BOLT OF SHEER COSMIC ENERGY, I SHALL DISSOLVE THE STREET SO THAT I MAY PURSUE THE LIVING MALEVOLENCE WHO WOULD RAVAGE THIS PLANET.

Uh... SURE... BE MY GUEST...

...BUT I WOULDN'T COUNT ON ANY FAN LETTERS FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION.

TO ONE SUCH AS I, IT IS CHILD'S PLAY TO REPAIR SUCH PALTRY DAMAGE --

-- BUT I MUST NOW CONCENTRATE ON FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF A CREATURE WHOSE RACE ABHORS BOTH CONSCIENCE AND COMPASSION!

WHOA!

IF YOU EVER GET TIRED OF SURFING THE SKYWAYS, THERE'S ALWAYS A JOB FOR YOU ON THE MAYOR'S POTHOLE PATROL!

A-ALONE!

H-HATE BEING ALONE!

WHAT ABOUT KASADY?

IS HE IN REAL PAIN, OR --?!

HEY! MY SPIDER-SENSE DOESN'T REACT TO HIS SYMBIOTE, BUT I SEEM TO BE GROWING MORE UNCOMFORTABLE THE CLOSER I GET, SO THAT MUST MEAN --!

TALK TO ME, KASADY!

WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DID YOUR SYMBIOTE DITCH YOU?

I-IT WAS THE SURFER...

"M-MY OTHER RECOGNIZED HIM."

BUT... HOW?! WHY?!

SOME KIND OF RACE MEMORY...

"T-THEY ALL *HATE* AND *FEAR* THE SURFER... BECAUSE OF WHAT HE *DID* TO THEM!"

R-REVENGE! THEY MUST HAVE *REVENGE!*

B-BUT THERE'S ONLY *ONE* WAY TO CONQUER THE SURFER...

"ONLY ONE WAY."

WHAT ARE YOU *SAYING*, KASADY?

IS THE SURFER IN *DANGER?*

TALK TO ME! TELL ME HOW THE SYMBIOTE PLANS TO --

-- *AWWWW...*

...NO!

MY MIND IS AFLAME WITH MADNESS!

OUTRAGE, WRATH AND CHAOS NOW SMOLDER WITHIN ME!

I LONG TO GIVE VENT TO MY MOST WANTON DESIRES AND MY BASEST EMOTIONS!

THE SILVER SURFER IS NO MORE!

IN HIS PLACE SOARS... THE CARNAGE COSMIC!

TO BE CONTINUED!

'NUFF SAID!

Shadowcat